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## Singing of Good Times.

Let's sing of the happy times—the happy times to be,  
As the rivers, streaming on in music to the sea;  
As the birds—they know not why—when springtime days begin;  
So let us sing the sad time out, and sing the glad times in!

Let's sing of the happy times; though in the wintry frost  
The sweetest roses of the world are withered now and lost;  
Some time they'll bloom for us again—and all their sweets we'll win;  
Let's sing the withered roses out, and sing the new ones in!

—(F. L. S.)

## The Fortescue Diamonds.

Terrace Park place is the aristocratic name that a shrewd real-estate man has given to a row of suburban residences he has put up for rent.

Terrace Park place consists of thirteen dwellings. These dwellings were constructed by contract and are all alike.

Jack Atherton, my best friend, with his wife, lives in 7 Terrace Park place. I was there in the morning after the great Fortescue diamond robbery. The papers had given much space under the largest and most sensational headline to the robbery and I had read it through in all its details. A house had been mysteriously entered; no one of the inmates had heard a sound; diamonds valuably estimated at from \$50,000 to \$100,000 had been taken; nothing else had been touched. My mind was full of this affair when I called on Jack.

"I bought a new ring yesterday," said my friend, and proceeded to tell me why. "I never wear much jewelry," he said, "but I like to own a little as an investment. This one cost me \$50, and it is certainly worth \$150. You must see it and admire it." And he produced a emerald.

I could not help seeing something of the other contents of Jack's box, and I at once took him to task for his carelessness in keeping so much property of that sort in his house, especially when it was not worn and used.

Jack laughed at me. "The whole boxful wouldn't sell for \$1,000," he said, "and the risk of taking and disposing of it is too great to make the speculation paying one. I am always at home at night; I sleep with a revolver where I can put my hand on it; I am a light sleeper; my jewels are as safe on my dressing table as they would be in any bank vault in the city. I tell you, Dick, they can't play the Fortescue game on me!"

"Polaw!" said I. "Anyone could come in here, without the slightest difficulty, and take everything you've got."

"I'll bet you \$500 on it," said Jack. "I'll take it," replied I.

And then we both laughed. "How long shall the time be?" he queried. "Three months," said I. He agreed. I was younger than I am now, and correspondingly less wise, and stopped to consider neither the danger nor the possible consequences. I was going to rob Atherton's house, as a friendly proof of the truth of my opinion. That was all there was to that.

I thought it likely that Jack would be watchful for a few nights. That wager of \$500 would have a tendency in that direction. He might even have a suspicion. So I waited a week.

The night I selected was the darkest one I had ever known. The rain fell in torrents. I had purchased, from time to time, and in various places, an outfit that seemed to include all that was necessary.

At about midnight I climbed over the alley fence and proceeded to light my dark lantern—or rather proceeded to try. To my intense disgust every match I had was so thoroughly water-soaked that ignition proved absolutely impossible.

I threw away the dark lantern; I had to. I moved carefully onward towards the house and stepped and stumbled out and over every imaginable sort of rubbish and debris.

I found a basement window unfastened—absolutely unfastened. I hadn't thought of a thing like that. The circumstances almost took my breath away. I wondered, rather resentfully, if Jack had left it so on purpose—if this meant a task of some sort for me. It was really unfortunate to have the work made so easy for me. I had some \$8 or \$10 dollars' worth of tools, all needless now, in one of my pockets.

I took them out, threw them aside and opened the window. I slipped in and let myself down as far as I could, while holding on with my hands. I swung my leg around searchingly but carefully. A fellow wouldn't want to drop into a tub of water or onto a sleeping dog, even if his best friend was sleeping upstairs and had an easy way of believing all he heard and forgiving all he suffered.

Then I went upstairs.

I think I was fully an hour in getting to the door in which I expected to find Jack's box. And I hadn't found a locked door anywhere. I had, however, found more furniture, in the dark, than I should have supposed was needed in the entire thirteen houses in the row.

The door was not even closed; it stood wide open. And inside I could hear the slow, rhythmical breathing of the sleeping individual against whom the night attack was planned. There were several reasons for being glad that Jack's wife was absent at the seashore, and not the least important one was the fact I feared I should break down and surrender before I had finished the job I had in hand. I thought of the revolver Jack had mentioned, and my blood ran cold. I sank noiselessly down upon my hands and knees and began a voyage of discovery. I discovered a chair with my head! I hurt my shoulder on a table. Jack had evidently been extravagant in the way of getting new furniture and eccentric in the matter of placing it. After a time, however, I reached the dressing table. I got my hand on the big square box.

Just then the man turned over. He breathed as a man never did when asleep. Then he seemed listening intently. I heard him raise himself upon his elbows. A movement he made was dreadfully suggestive of the stealthy withdrawal of a weapon from beneath a pillow.

I remained standing, and in a most unpleasant posture, for so long a time that I wondered vaguely if the curtains were not so thick as to utterly exclude the light of day—making existence there one protracted night.

At last the man sank slowly down upon his bed again. He stretched himself and grunted luxuriously. Oh, how tired I was! He gradually raised the key and increased the volume of his breath. He was sound asleep again. I crawled painfully out of the room, tiptoed cautiously downstairs, climbed out of the window, which I easily opened from the outside and got away from the vicinity of Terrace Park place, while the rain still roared and the darkness was unbroken. When I reached my bachelor quarters I put the precious box on my bureau. I undressed hurriedly and plunged into bed. It was almost noon when I awoke.

I came back to my senses very gradually. When I looked about me there was the box, Jack's box—only—only—it seemed—larger—different—and—

I sprang out of bed. I rushed over to where the thing stood. It—it was different. It wasn't Jack's at all. My limbs shook. My hands trembled violently. I almost fell down under the excitement of the moment. I got out a heavy screwdriver, one of the tools I had bought for my burglarizing exploit, and then decided not to take, and I pried the box open. Diamonds! Diamonds! Great gems in the most exquisite settings. Rings, bracelets, necklaces, brooches, earrings! What a glory of flashing beauty! And I lifted out tray after tray, only to find the tray more and more emphatic the deeper I went. I had to sit down for a few minutes to get my breath and steady my nerves.

I tumbled the diamonds into the trays; I bundled the trays into the box; I put the box into a bureau drawer, carelessly scattering a pile of clothing—handkerchiefs, stockings, gloves, ties, and so on—over it; I looked the drawer and dressed as fast as I could. I—I must get downstairs. I must get down soon. Perhaps every one I met would read my secret in my face; no matter, I must take that risk. There was not the slightest allusion in the newspapers to the theft of which I had been guilty—not a single line. I was disappointed, in much the same way a man sentenced to be hanged would be if they postponed his execution for a day or two and neglected to speak to him about it. The mail contained an urgent invitation from Jack to come and lunch with him. I must see Jack; I must look into his eyes; could it be that he had bought or borrowed those gems?

I arrived at Atherton's five minutes before the time he had named. One look into his face convinced me of one thing—he didn't suspect me of being in the house the night before; he knew nothing of what I had done.

He asked me up to his room. I went readily—eagerly—but like a man in a dream. The box he had brought down to show me still stood on his dressing-case. He laid his hand on it and called my attention to it. "And I was out of the city last night," he said, "and thieves might have had their own way with it."

There was only one solution. Deceived by the night, the storm, the appearance of the buildings at the back

I had failed to enter No. 7. I had robbed one of Jack's neighbors. I couldn't give a reasonable choice between No. 6 and No. 8.

I managed to get an excuse for going into a new room and looking out into Atherton's back yard. I had, from that point of vantage, a good view of the back yards of his two next-door neighbors. They had no revelations to make. One was full of the sort of rubbish which had impeded my progress and handicapped my movements; so was the other. Both gates in the tight board fence at the rear were arranged to open easily from the inside. I could get no view at all from either one of the windows that corresponded with the board one in Jack Atherton's domain. The whole business constituted a most maddening puzzle.

Within a week I had found a man who knew a man who knew Lawrence, who live in 6 Terrace Park. A series of "progressive introductions" made me acquainted with him. When his family came home he invited me to dinner. I accepted, went, had a thoroughly enjoyable time, and found Miss Adele Vinton, Mrs. Lawrence's sister, the most charming woman I had ever met.

It took longer to get acquainted with Mr. Kingston. There were more men in the chair, consisting of the "man who knew the man who knew the man," we, in his case. On the whole, however, I liked him better. He was genial, openhearted, witty, quick at repartee. I became almost as frequent a caller at his house as at Jack Atherton's. I entertain him frequently at my club or at some hotel. Strangely enough, I never invited Lawrence to my boarding house.

Possibly I was becoming disabused with boarding house life—since I met Adele Vinton.

Yes, I was at Lawrence's more frequently than at Kingston's. But Lawrence was not the chief attraction. He was a gentleman, to be sure, but reserved—almost languid, very precise and matter of fact in his language and of great gravity and unbending dignity. I didn't like him; though I got into a frame of mind such that the dearest wish of my heart was to have him for a brother-in-law.

Kingston took me to his place of business in the city—a cozy little office in which he loaned money, bought and sold real estate, etc. Lawrence was really a gentleman of leisure.

I found out nothing about the diamonds—nothing. Kingston's wife came home from her summer absence. I made her acquaintance. Indeed, I became one of her most intimate friends. She went away south for the winter. The Lawrences were talking of going, with two I dared think—on Adele Vinton's account; waiting until a slow fellow should make up his mind to speak. And not a word had been spoken, in either family, that gave me a hint at any possible solution of my dreadful problem. And you know I couldn't very well ask outright—or even hint very strongly.

Well, one night in early winter, when the double difficulties of my position had kept me awake until very late, I was awakened from my first midnight slumber by hearing somebody in the room.

The man turned to my bureau. My heart seemed poised almost to bursting. I grew hot and cold by turns. And still, covered by some power I could not resist, I waited—waited.

He opened drawer after drawer, tossing my belongings about in a manner that was offensive and exasperating. Then suddenly he caught sight of the box of diamonds. He caught it at frantically. He opened it frantically. He gazed over the wealth it contained.

"The Fortescue diamonds again!" he said. "They are mine again! I'll take care they don't get into the hands of some other of the midnight fraternity after this. I'd quite as soon the Fortescue woman should have them back again as to have to admit there are thieves more skilful than I am."

He spoke guardedly, he spoke low; he mattered his words rather than articulated them. But I knew his voice. I shut my eyes entirely. I let the rasping go unheeded and unchallenged. But in the morning I wrote a line or two on my typewriter. I addressed it by means of the same machine to the chief of police. I mailed it myself in a letter-box, far from my own place of abode or any other locality connected with the affair. It was an anonymous letter, and afforded no clue to the sender. But it told where the Fortescue diamonds could probably be recovered. The police noted on the hint.

The man, a professional criminal, was taken at a disadvantage. Nevertheless, he made a brave fight and the

officers had to shoot—shot him dead. He had one hand on the box of diamonds when he went down, his own weapon empty, with a half-dozen bullet-holes through him. His wife, a greater criminal than he, if that was possible, was more fortunate; she killed one of the officers who attempted her arrest; she had the satisfaction of killing herself!

The Lawrence! By no means. The Kingstons were the criminals. And Adele writes her last name Danton instead of Vinton. And if she ever heard of the Fortescue diamonds at all, a thing I sometimes think is exceedingly unlikely, since the police had little to say regarding their recovery at 6 Terrace Park place, after the tragic death of the tenant, she doesn't suspect that they were stolen three times, and that she married the man who was guilty once.—(Chicago News.)

## CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

## HARRIERS AND BEAGLES.

The harrier is a small fox-hound averaging about five inches less in height. It is used to some extent in fox-hunting, but principally in hunting the hare. If harriers are kept for hares it is said to injure them to use them for any other game. There are comparatively few of them in America. A still smaller hound is the beagle—12 or 14 inches high. This is the smallest of the hunting dogs. He is used to be employed in chasing hares in England, but in this he has been almost entirely superseded by the harrier.

In this country he is becoming quite popular, as he is admirably adapted for chasing the American rabbit, which is not nearly so docile as the English hare. In general appearance the beagle is like the foxhound, though the ears of the beagle are longer, and he has a slight brush on his tail. His voice is particularly musical, and before the fox-hound became so fast, a few beagles used to be kept with every pack, as a band of music is kept with a regiment of soldiers. A boy living in the country where rabbits abound would get no end of sport out of one or two beagles.—(Harper's Young People.)

## DUKE AND HIS.

Many kinds of birds indulge in such aerial performances during the mating and breeding season. Some of the best-known instances are those of the night-hawk, the woodcock and the snipe. Mr. E. W. Nelson, in his "Birds of Alaska," says that the pintail duck has some very peculiar habits of this kind.

He once saw a pair rise into the air and start off, the male in full chase after the female, at a marvellous rate of speed. Back and forth they went, with frequent quick turns, now almost out of sight overhead, now skimming along the ground in involved course very difficult for the eye to follow. Soon a second male joined in the chase, then a third, and so on, till six males were vying with each other in the pursuit.

The original pursuer seemed to be the only one capable of keeping close to the eye female, and even he, from her dexterous turns and curves, was able to draw near only at intervals. Then he always passed under her, and kept so close to her that the two pairs of wings clattered together with a noise like a watchman's rattle, and audible a long distance.

The chase lasted for half an hour. One by one the males dropped off, till finally but one of them—the original one, Mr. Nelson believes—was left. Then the pair settled into one of the ponds.

At other times Mr. Nelson saw a female, when pursued in this way by several males, plunge under water at full speed and suddenly take wing again a few yards beyond, the males all the while after her.

The pintail has also a habit, during the mating season, of descending from a great altitude at an angle of about 45 degrees, with the wings stiffly outspread and a slightly curved downward. The bird is frequently so high that the noise produced by its passage through the air is heard for 15 or 20 seconds before the bird comes into sight.

He descends with motor-like swift-ness till he is within a few yards of the ground, when a slight change in the position of the wings sends him gliding away close to the ground from 200 to 300 yards without a wing-stroke. The sound produced by this swift passage through the air can only be compared by the rushing of a gale through tree-tops. At first it is like a murmur; then it rises to a hiss, and as the bird sweeps by it is almost a roar.—(Youth's Companion.)

## BANK FISHING.

## A Business in Which 10,000 Persons Are Engaged.

## Catching Mackerel and Codfish With Trawls.

How many of the thousands, yes, millions, who enjoy the luscious mackerel and the flaky cod realize what the capture of these sea fish means to the fisherman, and what a demand that same fishing makes upon capital, and often upon life. A season's fishing on the Banks is by no means the pleasant life one can spend, and yet it is conservatively estimated that there are 10,000 men and boys so employed each year.

Bank fishing during the past year has not been such a success as it might have been, although the seafaring people who follow it for a livelihood expected that great hauls would be brought in, and that a great deal of money would be made, both by themselves and their employers; but their hopes have not been realized. Compared with the previous year there have been more fish caught, but they were of an inferior quality, and consequently less money was paid for them in the market and so about the same average was made. The Georges Bank, and what is known as "The Channel," are where the schooners go mostly for fresh fish. Georges is situated about southeast by east, 180 miles from Cape Ann lights, and "The Channel" is about seventy miles off Cape Cod.

In the summer time, before the boats start out to the fishing ground a large quantity of ice is put on board to preserve the fish, as the boats are out from ten to fourteen days. At that time of the year, there is usually a fleet of about 150 vessels, ranging from thirty tons to 150 tons, mackerel men, making their headquarters on the western edge of the South Channel, and fishing there the entire summer for what is known to the fishman as "round fish," namely, cod, haddock, halibut, and hake. As the summer advances the fish gradually leave this bank, and in early fall the fleet makes its way to Georges Bank and fishes there until spring. Each schooner is supplied with dories, according to her size, the largest of them carrying ten, five on each side of the boat, packed one inside the others. The Boston schooner Nellie Dixon carried a crew of twenty-three men, all told, twenty of them being out in the dories, and the remaining three—the captain, cook, and one hand—being left to take care of the ship.

Each dory is supplied with trawls, which are simply lines, with about 1,000 hooks fastened to them at intervals of about a fathom, and a small tub of bait enough to last them all day. The trawls are always set with the tide, one man pulling the boat and the other in the stern, casting out the trawl. When it has been out about an hour it is hauled off and the hooks rebaited, ready to be put out again. The work is repeated over and over again until dark, or as long as the weather is good and clear. While the fishing is going on, the men on board the vessel are preparing the deck and hold for the fish. On the arrival of a dory alongside, the fish are counted out by the skipper, and the number credited to the men who had caught them. After the fish are cleaned they are put below and packed in ice. This work is kept up until the vessel has a good catch. She then sails for home. After arriving at her destination the fish are sold and taken ashore, and the ship is cleaned, ready for another trip.—(Boston Herald.)

## Fancy Pigeon Breeding.

The breeding of fancy pigeons is becoming more popular than it has ever been hitherto. Over in Belmont this week and next there is going to be a great show of these birds—one of the most important exhibitions of the kind ever given. Among the pigeons shown will be thirteen pairs, for which the owner paid \$3,000. They are the property of Mr. Leavengood, the coffee miller, who is a famous amateur fancier in that kind of stock. Next in point of expense, \$500,000, which cost \$50 a pair for first-class ones. After them follow the "satellites" and "chickadees," or called on account of their peculiar plumage. During the last few years the fancy pigeons have been projected to such an extent that they can now be bought for as small a price as common pigeons. Of course pigeons which have records of 500 miles or more fetch exceptional prices. But it is an actual fact that more than half of the birds now used for shooting matches are homers. Seems a shame, does it not?—(Youth's Companion.)

The animals of all sorts which are collected near Washington by boys and sold to me, I dispose of partly by sending them to other cities—Philadelphia, New York, Chicago, and elsewhere. Mocking birds I get from Texas mostly. Parrots are about the riskiest goods that I have to handle. Not long ago I employed a man to purchase \$800 worth of yellow-headed parrots in Mexico. So many of them died that I only received \$70 for the survivors. The greatest difficulty with them is water. For some reason not very well understood, the water to be had in this country does not suit imported parrots, and consequently it is necessary to avoid giving it to them although for a while, using soaked food as a substitute. If one parrot in a consignment dies, the whole lot is likely to perish within a few days, and nothing can be done to stay the mischief. A good talker is worth \$100.—Washington Post.

## "Tige" Wouldn't Drop It.

"The hero of my story," he began, "and he was a hero of the first water, was an Arkansas farmer who settled under the honorable name of Miller. Of course you all allow that in Arkansas it is against the law of the commonwealth to use dynamite in the public waters. Well, to hurry through the statement of the case, a lot of us came to the conclusion that if we wanted to make a big haul of fish it would be necessary to use a little force. Accordingly dynamite bombs were secured, and we asked Miller to go upstream and throw the bombs in, while we, his guests, would gather at a ford a few rods down and secure the floating fish. Miller, accompanied by a highly-suspected water spanner, went up the bank, and prepared for his attack upon the denizens of the water. He hurled one missile, fast attached to the stream. An instant later his dog was in the water, and in a moment he had the bomb in his mouth, swimming for the shore.

"Drop it, Tige!" shouted the farmer. "Drop it, I say!"

But the dog would not obey. He swam wildly forward and in twenty seconds had landed. Miller started to run, the dog coming after him at a breakneck gait. Miller ran toward the fishermen below. They realized the situation in an instant, and, leveling their guns, warned the farmer to head in another direction. The situation, for all its seriousness, was the funniest that I ever saw. Miller ran wildly down the hill, yelling at the dog to go back.

"Stop!" he yelled. "Drop it, Tige! Go home!" But the dog only increased his efforts to reach his master's side.

"But the end soon came. The fuse burned its length, and then—Miller never recovered even the collar of poor Tige."—(St. Louis Republic.)

## How a Bee Sees.

We are so used to regarding the world round us from the standpoint of our own sight that it is hard to realize that to other creatures, far outnumbering us and perhaps quite as important in the economy of nature, it looks quite different. The honey bee, for example, is supplied with a pair of compound eyes, with hundreds of facets, each capable of sight by itself, and several one-half or little, simple eyes more closely allied to our own. How these eyes are used, what are their separate functions, what sort of images they can present to their owners, all remains questions as interesting and well-nigh unsolved as they were before the days of our powerful microscopes. Notwithstanding the fact that hundreds of entomologists have been and are interested in this subject we yet see only at the stage where we can affirm that the honey bee sees a very different flower from the one in which we observe her in search for sweets, although of what that difference is and how it is produced we can form but little idea.—(Chicago Times.)

## The American Face.

This much might be said respecting the typical American face: That the prominent nose, the sloping forehead, the fairly large mouth, the full eyes and predominance of the oval type, the natural characteristics of an aggressive, talented and shrewd people, aggressive in manners, but keenly alive to the main chance. It is a composite face, made up of qualities taken from Puritan, English, Scotch and German sources. (Ladies' Home Journal.)

## Economical Is Worth.

Brown—Why, Jones is so very economical that he won't even argue about anything!

Robinson—What does he save by that—his time?

Brown—No! His breath!—Hello,

## The Lily.

A lily, said to a threatening cloud,  
Which in stormy gales arrived him,  
"You have taken my lord the sun away,  
And I know not where you have laid him."

So it folded its leaves and trembled sore,  
As the hours of darkness passed it,  
But at noon, like a bird in beauty shone,  
For with pearls the dew had dressed it.

Then it felt ashamed of its foolish thought  
And hid in the dust would hide it,  
For the night of weeping had jewels brought,  
Which the pride of the day denied it.

—Valdosta (Ga.) Telescope.

## HUMOROUS.

## Fool language—Chicken talk.

Consolidation of business interests is usually a capital idea.

No amount of advice or persuasion seems to be capable of turning a crank.

Miss Beldi—"What kind of a man do you like?" Miss Serelen—"A real live one."

A Brooklyn man calls his employer a reasonable cutter because he is reducing his salary.

"Why does Henpeck call his wife an anarchist?" "Because she is constantly blowing him up."

It argues no lack of ability in a boy that he doesn't make an opening for himself by going skating on too thin ice.

"Late," exclaimed the man who enjoys being a misanthrope, "is nothing but one long struggle for a chunk of ice or a lump of coal."

Alto—"Why does Clara speak of George as 'her intended'?" Are they engaged?" Alto—"No, but she intends that they shall be."

Tommy—"Which is right—stuffed or dressed?" Jimmy—"It's dressed when it's on the plate, and stuffed after you have swallowed it."

"I don't believe those yarns about Finches striking his wife, do you?" "Not a bit. He hasn't courage enough even to strike an attitude."

"My friend," said a doctor to his Irish patient, "be composed; we must all die some day." "Ah! it's that vexes me," replied Pat. "If it were more than once, sure I'd be easy enough."

Professor—"What is the circumference of the earth?" Student—"Twenty-four thousand miles." Professor—"How do you find this distance?" Student—"I find it immense."

"Why is Miss Antelope so anxious to meet Bilkins?" "He is poor and has no social standing." "Yes, but she understands that he couldn't talk five minutes without giving himself away."

The man who thinks before he speaks, discovers with dismay that some one else has said the thing that he intended to say.

Medford Examiner—Have there ever been any symptoms of insanity in your family? Applicant for insurance—Yes, or—that is, my sister once refused a man worth half a million.

"I suppose now that you will be going home to your mother in the morning?" "I just won't. I have tried that, and it doesn't seem to do any good. I am going to bring mother here this time."

"There is one point," said Mrs. No-nash, looking up from the ladies' paper, "in which I am always strictly fashionable." "What's that?" asked her mother. "I absolutely never wear diamonds in the morning."

Music teacher—"From your daughter's voice, madam, I cannot promise that she will be great prima donna." Mrs. Gammes—"Oh, I am so sorry." Music teacher—"But do not despair, madam! I observe that she has a fearful temper."

Amie Jane—"Rob, dear, won't you try to be a real good boy today?" Rob—"I will, amity, for a quarter." Amie Jane—"Why, Rob, you wish pay for being good?" Rob—"Well, amity, dear, you wouldn't have me good for nothing, would you?"

Interviewer—"I asked Assemblyman Sevensights this afternoon whom he thought the greatest man in this country." Editor—"What did he say?" Interviewer—"That that was a matter upon which his constituents were more competent to speak than himself."

Young Mr. Fitts—"That pie you gave to the Commercial Club for the poor has been one of the most successful contributions of the year." Young Mrs. Fitts—"Indeed?"

"Yes, indeed. It has been presented to no less than seven poor families so far."

Elise—"Yesterday morning I gave a poor tramp those nice bisnits I made for breakfast and I told him if he came back in the evening I would give him some dinner."

Jack—"What did you give him for dinner?"

Elise—"He didn't come back."